

POEMS

BY

ROBERT BURNS

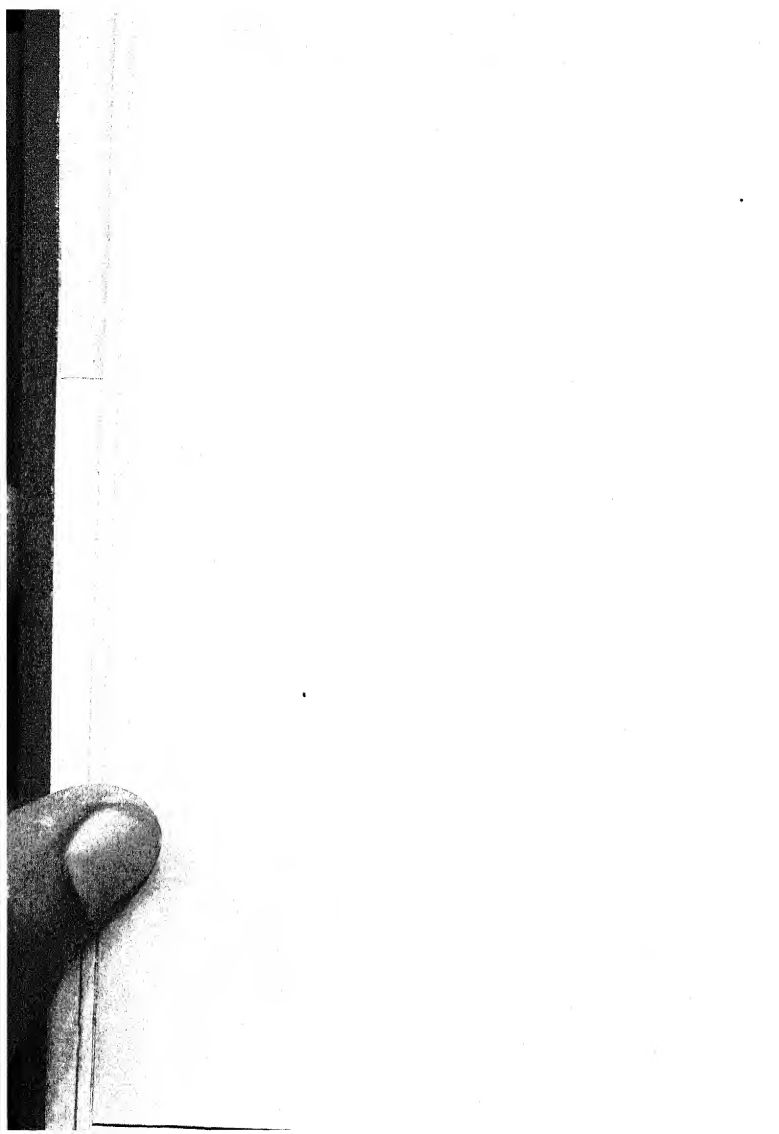
WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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The fame of Burns, which shows no symptom of abating, and is now, apparently, beyond serious assault, has a different aspect to Scotsmen from what it has to those others for whom the best work of the poet is rendered by its language more or less exotic. That his countrymen should praise him is natural, for unquestionably we lack no conceit of the good things that ourselves produce; but it is not a wholly uncritical patriotism that in this case impels us to panegyric. We do not—much to the creditable grief of Mr. Andrew Lang—display the same emotion over Walter Scott, however greatly we may love and venerate him, and the persistence of the national perfervour regarding Burns must, by all but the cynic, be accepted as proof that the poet, either by his art or message, peculiarly touched some universal and abiding chord in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. To most Scotsmen it is perhaps his message and the spirit of his work more than the artistic presentment of it that primarily

appeal. Burns is for them but in the second place a singer. He is more obviously and unforgettably an expression of the Scottish spirit as they like to think it really was and is. He gave the first articulation to thoughts once dumbly entertained by a people incapable or afraid to utter them—thoughts mainly of revolt against anciently accepted bonds, religious, social, and political, and it is not without significance that, even to-day, the first idea of the common folk of Scotland about their poet is that he was essentially and sympathetically one of themselves, that he truly loved his own land and the class from which he sprung, freedom of thought, and all the things of life and nature which poets ought obviously to love, but love, too frequently, only because of the facility with which they adapt themselves to song. With this conception of Burns, the man, as the foundation of the popular regard, the matchless passion and humanity of his lyrics, the pathos and humour of his poems add to, without wholly accounting for, his hold on our affections.

And yet another consideration affects the permanency which is so remarkable in the vogue of Burns among his own people; it is—though the thought may be surprising—his personal character and career. Commonly it is assumed that these qualify the admira-

tion of Scotland and the world for that combination of private life and public utterance which we know as Burns. They might do so if we could by some precipitating process separate Burns the poet from Burns the man, but we realize—unless we happen to be temperance lecturers and nothing more—that a Burns different in his life would not have been Burns at all, and that in other circumstances we could not by any possibility have had these poems. Had he been a statesman or a stockbroker—a professor of any genius that implied cool calculation, a career of deeds as distinguished from a life of fancy and imagination, and demanded implicit confidence on the part of the public whose affairs it dealt with, we would be the first to blame. For in Scotland, as much as anywhere else, we appreciate moral worth—particularly if we have paid for it. But Burns was never in our pay, and we realize intuitively that if we are to have the passion and irrestraint of poetry, we must be prepared to expect passion and irrestraint in some at least of its practitioners. Furthermore, each man who greatly appreciates a poem is for the time being a poet himself, and as the peculiar attribute of the poetic emotion is to accept all, we accept the sins of the poet himself in love and pity, not in blame.

We pity because, having nearly all the machinery of perfection, he lacked one or two mercifully common virtues, whose very absence in his private life probably produced the fervour and abandon of his songs, and that kind of pity is the pity that is near akin to love, which less readily attends on poets and artists who have our reverential admiration.

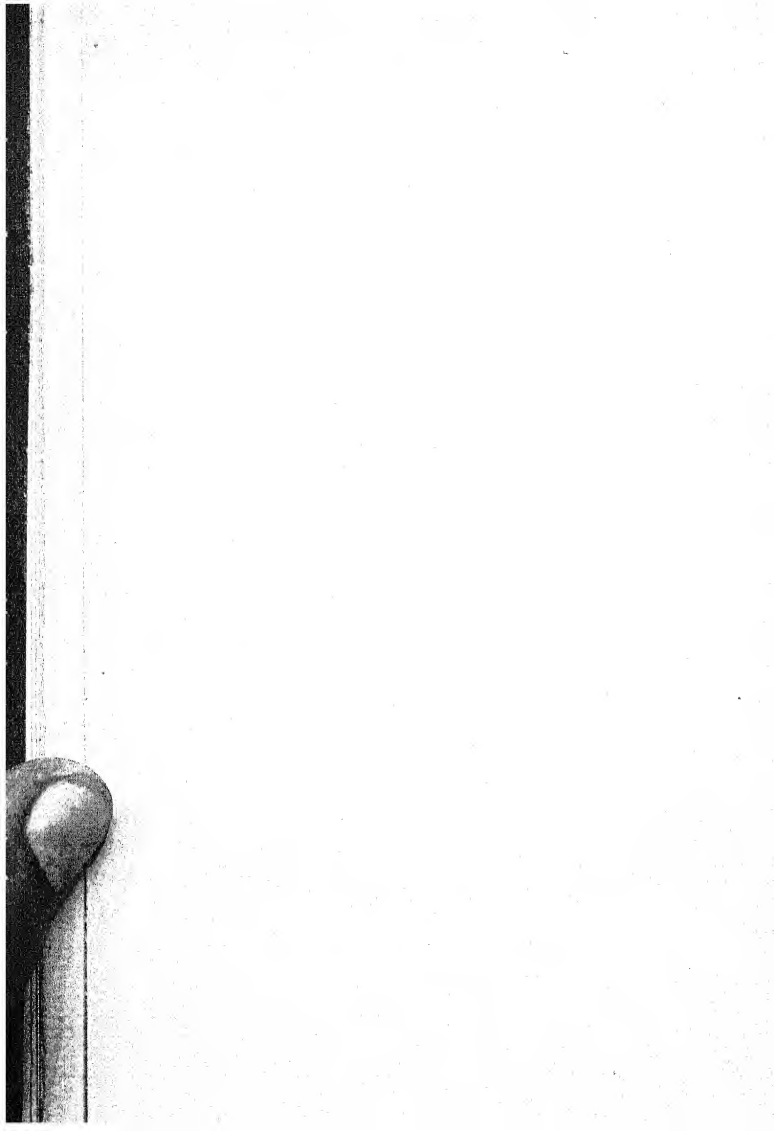
It is necessary to realize these influences on the cult of Burns in Scotland before considering him as artist—hateful word, abominably abused, that has, however, no adequate equivalent. The term so closely implies deliberate cool study for effect that it is peculiarly inapplicable to a genius of the class, equipment, and achievement of Burns. The artifice of his business, the purely technical part of verse-making in the metrical conventions that he chose—and these were often difficult and delicate—must have come to him almost as naturally as the ability to hum an air. It is extremely doubtful if he could have satisfied a university examiner by his knowledge of the nature and effect of trochees, dactyls, anapæsts, and amphibrachys; at his best he took old metrical moulds and filled them with his moods, and with so great distinction that we have come to think of those old Franco-Scottish forms of

stanza as his own. But he had an unerring judgment for the harmony of theme and measure, and his rare and beautiful conception of the power and subtle psychological influence of individual words is manifest from his choice in the vernacular. Unlike Scott, he sometimes deliberately chose words almost parochial in their usage, because of the associations they had to the people for whom he more immediately wrote; but he went further, and often chose words not in the common currency of Ayr, words archaic and forgotten, solely because they had some secret lyric cry, some pleasure for the poetic inner ear. We may regret that the reader not native-born must inevitably miss some of the finest effects in the Scottish poems; but Burns could have written English only at the sacrifice of his real genius and sadly to Scotland's loss, since there is still preserved in the vernacular, debased though it be, some touchstone of race, so that it remains, even yet, among the classes who do not customarily use it, a medium, curiously warm and kindly, to which they will resort in moments of humour, fondness, sentiment, or friendly ebukey. It is the key to the trust and sympathy of a great many of our fellow-countrymen who still look askance on the man who has "fallen to his English".

That Burns gave Scotland a voice is true, though there was no danger of Scottish nationality "falling asleep in the graves of the Stuarts", as Lockhart said. Nationality does not depend wholly on print for its existence, though bookmen may think so. Up to the time of Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, the vernacular had long been discredited as a literary vehicle. It seemed doomed to extinction in the written word, inasmuch as all the genius of the race appeared to run in the direction of theology and philosophy, in which the English language was so essential that even the accidental Scotticism was anathema and cause of shame. The vernacular survived, however, stimulated, oddly, by the Union of 1707, which made each Scot of any sentiment begin to realize whereto the old land drifted, and cherish the things he was likely soon to lose. The Union revived the vernacular song where alone it could be revived—among the common people, in whom alone always and everywhere abide the spirit and strength of nationality—and innumerable anonymous lyrics, vehemently, intensely Scottish, were the folk's most treasured possession in the eighty years or so preceding Burns. The movement, but for Burns, might have culminated in the work of Allan Ramsay, who established a

certain convention for Scottish poetry, which he was shrewd enough to see could never again be so inflexibly vernacular as it had been with the old "makaris" from William Dunbar to Alexander Montgomery, but must compromise to some extent with English. But Ramsay, in his effort to compromise, went too far, and sometimes he rode his Scottish shelty to grotesquely pseudo-classic paces. It took the better judgment of Burns to comprehend how absurd was a vernacular paraphrase of Horace, and how artificial was Chloris in a Scottish byre.

He cleared the air of outworn and ludicrous classicism, but he had to clear it also of the rumour of the tavern. As it was in the speech of the peasant world almost wholly the vernacular survived, it was inevitable in such an age that the songs prepared for it should be coarse and sometimes lewd, however often they should be witty, gallant, and ecstatically inspired. Not all in vain, we may be certain, had been, for Burns, the example of his father, and the "Manual of Religious Belief". He could, no doubt, have accommodated the taverns if he had had the mind to do so; but a man of his genius could not fail to realize that he was meant for better things, and could command a nobler audience, and as from Ramsay and Fergusson he got



Contents

	Page
Rantin', Rovin' Robin - - -	2
For a' that, and a' that - - .	3
Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut - - .	5
Up in the Morning Early - - -	7
The Lass o' Ballochmyle - - -	8
Auld Rob Morris - - -	10
Aye Waukin' O - - -	12
My Love She's but a Lassie yet - -	13
Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw - -	14
Wandering Willie - - -	15
Mary Morison - - -	17
The Rigs o' Barley - - -	19
My Nannie, O - - -	21
My Ain Kind Dearie - - -	23
The Birks of Aberfeldy - - -	25
Green Grow the Rashes - - -	27
How Lang and Dreary is the Night - -	29
O Saw Ye Bonnie Lesley - - -	30
My Bonnie Mary - - -	31
Rattlin', Roarin' Willie - - -	32

CONTENTS

	Page
Ae Fond Kiss - - - - -	34
Macpherson's Farewell - - - - -	36
Bonnie Wee Thing - - - - -	38
Highland Mary - - - - -	39
O Kenmure's On and Awa' - - - - -	41
Open the Door to Me, Oh! - - - - -	43
Bessy and her Spinning-wheel - - - - -	44
The Banks o' Doon - - - - -	46
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton - - - - -	47
The Lovely Lass of Inverness - - - - -	49
Somebody - - - - -	50
My Tocher's the Jewel - - - - -	51
A Red, Red Rose - - - - -	52
Yestreen I had a Pint o' Wine - - - - -	53
Comin' through the Rye - - - - -	55
My Nannie's Awa' - - - - -	56
Auld Lang Syne - - - - -	58
Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannock- burn - - - - -	60
Out over the Forth - - - - -	62
Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast - - - - -	63
Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad - - - - -	64
Here's a Health to Them that's Awa' - - - - -	66
O May, thy Morn - - - - -	68
Ca' the Yowes - - - - -	69
It was a' for our Rightfu' King - - - - -	71
To Mary in Heaven - - - - -	73

CONTENTS

	Page
John Anderson, my Jo - - -	75
My Heart's in the Highlands - - -	76
The Cotter's Saturday Night - - -	78
Hallowe'en - - - - -	91
The Twa Dogs - - - - -	101
The Vision - - - - -	111
A Prayer, in the Prospect of Death - -	123
Scotch Drink - - - - -	125
The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie, the Author's only Pet Yowe -	131
To a Mountain Daisy - - - - -	134
Tam o' Shanter - - - - -	137
Tam Samson's Elegy - - - - -	146
To a Haggis - - - - -	150
Epistle to Davie - - - - -	152
Holy Willie's Prayer - - - - -	158
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations thro' Scotland - - - - -	162
To a Mouse - - - - -	165
The Auld Farmer's New Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie -	168
John Barleycorn - - - - -	173
Epistle to a Young Friend - - - - -	176
To William Simson, Schoolmaster, Ochil- tree - - - - -	180
The Jolly Beggars - - - - -	185
The Holy Fair - - - - -	202

CONTENTS

	Page
Death and Dr. Hornbook - - - -	212
Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous - - - - -	220
A Bard's Epitaph - - - - -	223
Notes - - - - -	225
Glossary - - - - -	233

Rantin', Rovin' Robin

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Chorus

Robin was a rovin' boy—
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin'—
Robin was a rovin' boy—
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'T was then a blast o' Jan'war' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.
Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
Robin was, &c.

RANTIN', ROVIN' ROBIN

"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit 'till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
Robin was, &c.

"But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin."
Robin was, &c.

For a' that,
and a' that

Is there for honest Poverty
That hings his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon,—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

A PECK O' MAUT

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

Up in the Morning Early

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Chorus

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's, &c.

The Lass o' Ballochmyle

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On ev'ry blade the pearls hang;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along:
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy.
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
“Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!”

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE

But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain:
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Auld Rob Morris

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in
yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale
of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen
and kine,
Aye bonnie lassie, his dautie and mine.
Wa:
Sleep I ca
For thin' the morning, the fairest in

When I sleep I t dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.
Aye waukin', &c.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin':
I think on my bonnie lad,
Aye I bleer my een wi' greetin'.
And Aye waukin', &c.

AULD ROB MORRIS

A wooer like me maunna hope to come
speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be
my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings
me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is
gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled
ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burn
my breast.

O had she but been of a low O;
I then might hae hop'd sic she's woo'd,
upon me! bought her, O!
O! describing I
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And couldna preach for thinkin' o't.

Aye Waukin' O

Simmer's a pleasant time,
Flowers of ev'ry colour;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover!

Chorus

Aye waukin' O,
Waukin' still and weary:
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinkin' on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.
Aye waukin', &c.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin':
I think on my bonnie lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greetin'.
And Aye waukin', &c.

My Love She's
but a Lassie yet

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And couldna preach for thinkin' o't.

WANDERING WILLIE

But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

Mary Morison

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor!
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when, to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw.
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison".

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace.
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his.
Whase only faut is loving thee?

MARY MORISON

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

The Rigs o' Barley

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held away to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion, she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.
Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly:
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain:
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
My heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinkin';
I ha'e been joyfu' gatherin' gear;
I ha'e been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

My Nannie, O

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud and shill;
The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

MY NANNIE, O

My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
I 'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

My Ain Kind Dearie

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O;
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo:

MY AIN KIND DEARIE

Gie me the hour of gloamin' grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery, O.
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The Birks of Aberfeldy

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Green Grow the Rashes

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lassies, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 't were na for the lassies, O?
Green grow, &c.

The war'ly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, and war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

How Lang and Dreary is the Night

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,—
How can I be but eerie?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

O Saw Ye Bonnie Lesley

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee".

The powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

My Bonnie Mary

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody:
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary!

Rattlin', Roarin' Willie

O rattlin', roarin' Willie,
O he held to the fair;
An' for to sell his fiddle,
And buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine.
If I should sell my fiddle,
The world would think I was mad,
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben:
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon boord-en'—

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE

Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

Ae Fond Kiss

Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her:
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Macpherson's Farewell

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows-tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man, in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light,—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Bonnie Wee Thing

Chorus

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

Wishfully I look and languish,
In that bonnie face of thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Bonnie wee, &c.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee, &c.

Highland Mary

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;

HIGHLAND MARY

But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

O Kenmure's
On and Awa'

O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie!
O Kenmure's on and awa';
An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no' a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's
blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!

They'll live or die wi' fame;

But soon, wi' sounding victorie,

May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa', Willie!

Here's him that's far awa';

And here's the flower that I lo'e best,—

The rose that's like the snaw!

Open the Door to Me, Oh!

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, oh;
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove
true,
Oh, open the door to me, oh.

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But colder thy love for me, oh:
The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh.

The wan moon is setting behind the white
wave,
And Time is setting with me, oh:
False friends, false love, farewell! for more
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd
it wide,
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh:
My true love! she cried,—and sank down
by his side,
Never to rise again, oh.

Bessy and her Spinning-wheel

O leeze me on my spinnin'-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blythe I turn my spinnin'-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;

BESSY AND SPINNING-WHEEL

The craik amang the claver hay,
The pairtrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin'-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin'-wheel?

The Banks o' Doon

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luv was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luv,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luv staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds
thro' the glen;
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny
den;
Thou green crested lapwing, thy scream-
ing forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering
fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring
hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear,
winding rills;

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my
eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys
below,
Where wild in the woodlands the prim-
roses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the
lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it
glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary
resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet
lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems
thy clear wave.

The Lovely Lass of Inverness

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, "alas!"
And aye the saut tear blin's her ee:

"Drumossie moor,—Drumossie day,—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

Somebody

My heart is sair—I dare na tell,—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake of somebody!

My Tocher's the Jewel

O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for
him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the
siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airt-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun
try.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten
wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor
me.

✓ *masterpiece*
Sweet
A Red,
Red Rose

O my luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luve!
And fare-thee-weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

Yestreen I had a
Pint o' Wine

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna:
The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna!

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna!
Then I'll despise imperial charms—
An empress or sultana;
While dying raptures in her arms,
I give and take with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa', thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna!

VESTREEN

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!—
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a'—
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

Comin' through
the Rye

Comin' through the rye, poor body,
Comin' through the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' through the rye.
O Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,—
Need a body cry.
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body—
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,—
Need the world ken?
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

My Nannie's Awa'

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature
arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er
the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green
shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's
awa'!

The snawdrap and primrose our wood-
lands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly
they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's
awa'!

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews
of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-break-
ing dawn,

MY NANNIE'S AWAY

And thou mellow mavis that hails the
night fa',

Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'!

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and
grey,

And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's
decay:

The dark dreary winter and wild driving
snaw

Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'!

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

AULD LANG SYNE

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

**Bruce's Address
to his Army at
Bannockburn**

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

BRUCE'S ADDRESS

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do, or die!

Out over the Forth

Out over the Forth, I look to the north;
But what is the north and its High-
lands to me?

The south nor the east gie ease to my
breast—

The far foreign land, or the wide roll-
ing sea:

But I look to the west when I gae to
rest,

That happy my dreams and my slum-
bers may be;

For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The man that is dear to my babie and
me.

Oh, Wert
Thou in the
Cauld Blast

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

Whistle, and
I'll come to you,
my Lad

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my
lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my
lad;
Tho' father and mither and a' should
gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my
lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court
me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-
jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naeboddy
see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle, &c.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet
me,

Gang by me as though that ye cared nae
a flie;

But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black
ee,

Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,

Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for
me,

And *whiles* ye may lightly my beauty a
wee;

But court na anither, though jokin' ye
be,

For fear that she wile your fancy frae
me,

For fear that she wile your fancy frae
me.

O whistle, &c.

**Here's a Health
to Them that's
Awa'**

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's a health to them that's awa',
And wha winna wish gude luck to our
cause,

May never gude luck be their fa'!
It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true,
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o'
the clan,

Altho' that his band be but sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander the road to the devil.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's a health to them that's awa',

TO THEM THAT'S AWA'

Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland
laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever feared that the truth
should be heard,
But they whom the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's to them that's awa',
Here's Maitland and Wycombe, let wha
does na like 'em,
Be built in a hole o' the wa'!
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that is sound at the core;
May he that would turn the buff and
blue coat,
Be turned to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's to them that's awa',
Here's chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth
gowd,
Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!

O May,
thy Morn

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber;
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember.

And here's to them, that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum:
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

Ca' the Yowes

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes—
My bonnie dearie!

Hark, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang!
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

CA' THE YOWES

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou has stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part—
My bonnie dearie!

Ca' the yowes, &c.

It was a' for
our Rightfu'
King

It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, fareweel!
For I maun cross the main, my dear;
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With Adieu for evermore, my dear;
With Adieu for evermore!

A FOR OUR RIGHTFUL KING

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

To Mary in Heaven

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning,
green;

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd
scene;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful est?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

John Anderson,
my Jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

My Heart's in the Highlands

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing
the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe;
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I
go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the
north,
The birthplace of valour, the country of
worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd
with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys
below:

FAREWELL TO THE HIGHLANDS

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
woods;

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
not here;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the
deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe,

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I
go.

The Cotter's Saturday Night

INSCRIBED TO
R. AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

—Gray.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish
end;

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem
and praise:

To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd
scene;

The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways;

What Aiken in a cottage would have
been;

Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween.

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

November chill blows loud wi' angry
sugh:
The short'ning winter-day is near a
close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the
pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their
repose:
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour
goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an
end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and
his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in
view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin',
stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise
an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie
wife's smile,

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares
beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an'
his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, among the farmers
roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some
tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman
grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in
her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw
new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hard-
ship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters
meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly
spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, un-
notic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or
hears;

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's
the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's com-
mand,
The youngers a' are warnèd to obey;
"An mind their labours wi' an eydent
hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk
or play:
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an'
night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting
might:
They never sought in vain that sought
the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the
door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the
same,

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the
moor,

To do some errands, and convoy her
hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her
cheek:

With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires
his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae
wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him
ben;

A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's
eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs,
and kye;

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows
wi' joy,

But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel
behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can
spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' an'
sae grave;

Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected
like the lave.

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

O happy love!—where love like this is
found!—

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond
compare!

I've paced much this weary mortal
round,

And sage experience bids me this
declare—

“If heaven a draught of heavenly
pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest
pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender
tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the ev'ning gale”.

Is there, in human form, that bears a
heart—

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and
truth,

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring
art,

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
youth?

Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling
smooth;

Are honour, virtue, conscience, all
exil'd?

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er
their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their
distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple
board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's
food,
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows
her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimental
mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd
kebbuck fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it
guid;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was
i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious
face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle
wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's
pride:

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in
Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with
solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the
noblest aim ;
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling mea-
sures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the
name ;
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'nward
flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are
tame ;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures
raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred
page,
How Abram was the friend of God on
high ;

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-
ing ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the
theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man
was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second
name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his
head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many
a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-
nounc'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eter-
nal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband
prays:

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
wing",
That thus they all shall meet in future
days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter
tear,
Together hymning their Creator's
praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's
pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of
art,
When men display to congregations
wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the
heart!
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will
desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language
of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor
enrol.

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
way;
The youngling cottagers retire to
rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage
pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm
request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous
nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the
best,
For them and for their little ones
provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace
divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's
grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd
abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work
of God":
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly
road,
The cottage leaves the palace far
behind;

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous
load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human
kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness
refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to
heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and
sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives
prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and
vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be
rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their
much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's un-
daunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious
part,

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and
reward!)

O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot, and the patriot
bard,

In bright succession raise, her ornament
and guard!

Hallowe'en

Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

—*Goldsmith.*

Upon that night, when fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean, the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the cove, to stray an' rove,
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.

Amang the bonnie, winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimplin', clear,
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, country folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night.

HALLOWE'EN

The lassies feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whyles fast at night.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the bow-kail,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, todlin', rin,
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther:
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syn e coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they'd plac'd them
To lie that night.

HALLOWE'EN

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their stalks o' corn;
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kiutlin' in the Fause-house
Wi' him that night.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads' an' lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa', wi' saucy pride,
An' jump out owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie ee;
Wha 't was, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel:
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part,
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

HALLOWE'EN

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie:
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit, it brunt it;
While Willie lap, an' swoor by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel' an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin':
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view;
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
An' slips out by hersel':
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' for the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapet for the bauks,
And in the blue-clue throws then,
Right fear't that night.

HALLOWE'EN

An' aye she win't, an' aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin';
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d! but she was quaukin':
But whether 't was the Deil himsel',
Or whether 't was a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin'
To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her granny says,
"Will ye go wi' me, granny?
I'll eat the apple at the glass,
I gat frae Uncle Johnie:"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw, new, worset apron
Out thro' that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's-face!
I daur you try sic sportin',
As seek the foul Thief onye place,
For him to spae your fortune:
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
On sic a night.

HALLOWE'EN

"Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
I mind 't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure,
I was na past fifteen:
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green;
An' aye a rantin' Kirn we gat,
An' just on Hallowe'en
It fell that night.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow;
His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That liv'd in Achmacalla:
He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't;
But monie a day was by himsel'
He was sae fairly frightened
That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

HALLOWE'EN

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin';
The graip he for a harrow taks,
An' haurls at his curpin':
And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
"Hemp-seed I saw thee;
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me an' draw thee
As fast this night".

He whistl'd up "Lord Lenox' march",
To keep his courage cheerie;
Although his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
And young an' auld come rinnin' out,
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 't was hilchan Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
And wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night?

HALLOWE'EN

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen,
To winn three wechts o' naething;
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red-cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in she enters:
A ratton rattled up the wa',
An' she cried, L—d preserve her!
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin':
He tak's a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin'
Aff's nieves that night.

HALLOWE'EN

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As cantie as a kittlen;
But och! that night, amang the shaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin'!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scievin',
Whare three lairds' lan's met at a burn,
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel
Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her and the moon,
The deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,
But mist a fit, an' in the pool,
Out owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

HALLOWE'EN

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three are ranged;
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys,
Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire,
In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery:
Till butter'd so'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a steerin';
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'
Fu' blythe that night.

The Twa Dogs

A TALE

'T was in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Whare sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockèd, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messin.

THE TWA DOGS

At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne — Lord knows how
lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin' weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,

THE TWA DOGS

And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

Cæsar

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our laird gets in his rackèd rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel';
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin',
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and siclike trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His honour has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

THE TWA DOGS

Luath

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't
eneugh;

A cottar howkin' in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger:
But, how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

Cæsar

But then to see how ye're neglectit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd on our laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,

THE TWA DOGS

Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp, an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

Luath

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think:
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided,
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives,
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:

THE TWA DOGS

They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin' pipe, an' sneeshin-mill,
Are handed round wi' richt guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
There's monie a creditable stock,
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,

THE TWA DOGS

Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin',
For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

Cæsar

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it!
Say rather, gaun as premiers lead him,
An' saying ay or no's they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn bon ton, an' see the worl'.
There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:
Then bowses drumly German water,
To mak himsel' look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signoras.

For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

THE TWA DOGS

Luath

Hech man! dear Sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughthen an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' kintra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nor could nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

Cæsar

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I
am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envý 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;

THE TWA DOGS

They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes ;
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days, insipid, dull, and tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang and restless.

An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an'
wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

THE TWA DOGS

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup and platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.

By this the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night:
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men*, but *dogs*;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

The Vision

DUAN FIRST

The sun had clos'd the winter-day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
And hunger'd maukin taen her way
 To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had clos'd his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
 The auld, clay biggin';
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin'.

THE VISION

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae-thing,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harket,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clarket
 My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring "Blockhead! coof!"
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
 Till my last breath—

When, click! the string the snick did
 draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
 Come full in sight.

THE VISION

Ye need na doubt, I held my wisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
 In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she
 blusht,
 And steppèd ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
 By that same token;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
 Would soon been broken.

A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace"
Was strongly markèd in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
 Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my Bess, I ween,
 Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

THE VISION

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling,
threw

A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast
With surging foam;
There, distant shone art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd
floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
'Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

THE VISION

By stately tow'r or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern;
Some seemed to muse, some seem'd to
 dare,
 With features stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
 In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their Suthron foes.

His Country's Saviour, mark him well
Bold Richardton's heroic swell;
The chief on Sark who glorious fell
 In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

There, where a scepter'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
 In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed,
 They strode along.

THE VISION

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love),
 In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned sire and son I saw;
To Nature's God and Nature's law
 They gave their lore;
This, all its source and end to draw;
 That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward I well could spy,
Beneath auld Scotia's smiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder Sister's air
 She did me greet.

THE VISION

"All hail! my own inspired Bard!
In me thy native muse*regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

"Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light aërial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share;
Some fire the sodger on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot-lore,
And grace the land.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,

THE VISION

They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel lays';
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
For humble gains,

THE VISION

And make his cottage scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r:
I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
Struck thy young eye.

THE VISION

"Or, when the deep green-mantl'd earth,
Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth,
 In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
 And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing,
 strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 Th' adorèd name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
 To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild-send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,
 By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray,
 Was light from Heaven.

THE VISION

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains,
 Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
 Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath the unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
 His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
 Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
 Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
 A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;

THE VISION

Preserve the dignity of man,
 With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
 Will all protect.

“And wear thou this,” she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head;
The polish’d leaves and berries red
 Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

A Prayer, in
the Prospect
of Death

O thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

PRAYER

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

Scotch Drink

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care;
There let him bowse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

—*Solomon's Proverbs*, xxxi. 6, 7.

Let other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines an' wines, an' drucken
Bacchus,
An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch bere can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch Drink!
Whether thro' wimplin' worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name!

SCOTCH DRINK

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
An' aits set up their awnie horn,
An' pease and beans, at e'en or morn,
 Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
 Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef:
But when thou pours thy strong heart's
 blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin',
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin';
 But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, screevin';
 Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair
 At's weary toil;
Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

SCOTCH DRINK

Aft, clad in massy siller weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts:
But thee, what were our fairs and rants!
Even godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin' on a New-year mornin'
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' luggit caup!
Then Burnewin comes on like death
At every chaup.

SCOTCH DRINK

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owre hip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight;
Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebours anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter's season,
E'er spier her price.

SCOTCH DRINK

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
'Twins monie a poor, doylt, drucken hash,
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless devils like mysel',
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' whisky punch
Wi' honest men.

O Whisky! saul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—s!

SCOTCH DRINK

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips an' barkin' hoast
 May kill us a';
For royal Forbes' charter'd boast
 Is ta'en awa'!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the whisky stells their prize!
Haud up thy han', Deil! ance, twice,
 thrice!

 There, seize the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor d—n'd drinkers.

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, and whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
 Tak a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

The Death and
Dying Words of
Poor Mailie, the
Author's only
Pet Yowe

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE

As Mailie an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin' een, an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he couldna mend it!
He gapèd wide, but naething spak!
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

THE DEATH AND DYING

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
And let them wander at their will:
So, may his flock increase an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him, he was a master kin',
An' aye was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my dying charge I gae him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel';
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' taets o' hay and rippis o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets!
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the shears:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're
dead.

WORDS OF POOR MAILIE

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
O bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"An' niest my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop;
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel'!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessing wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An' for thy pains, thou 'se get my blether."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead.

To a Mountain Daisy

ON TURNING ONE
DOWN WITH THE
PLOUGH IN APRIL,
1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
shield;

But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed
And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard;
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

Tam o' Shanter

A TALE

Of Brownie and of Bogilie full is this Buke.

—*Gawin Douglas.*

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

TAM O' SHANTER

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober,
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in
Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted, unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;

TAM O' SHANTER

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether Time nor Tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—

TAM O' SHANTER

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
stane,

That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast:
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bel-
low'd:

That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey meare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
sonnet;

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;

TAM O' SHANTER

And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning
trees,

Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.

TAM O' SHANTER

A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The Piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;

TAM O' SHANTER

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they
cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu'
brawlie:

There was ae winsome wench and waulie,
That night enlisted in the corps,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bere,
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cuttie sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,

TAM O' SHANTER

In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('t was a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollow.

TAM O' SHANTER

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare.

Tam Samson's Elegy

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

—*Pope.*

Has auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil?
Or great MacKinlay thrawn his heel?
Or Robinson again grown weel,
 To preach an' read?
"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
 "Tam Samson's dead!"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh an' sab, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
 In mourning weed;
To death she's dearly pay'd the kane:
 Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like ony bead;
Death's gien the lodge an unco devel,
 Tam Samson's dead!

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY

When winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock?—
 Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
 In time of need;
But now he lags on death's hog-score,
 Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kend for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
Since dark in death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie moorcocks, crouselly craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw,
 Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa':
 Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY

While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
 Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles fetters;
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
 An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin', clatters,
 "Tam Samson's dead!"

Owre monie a weary hag he limpit,
An' aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
"L—d, five!" he cry'd, an' owre did
 stagger;
 Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY

Yon auld grey stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming
blether,
Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his mem'ry crave
O' pouter an' lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
"Tam Samson's dead!"

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be!
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me:
He had twa faults, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

To a Haggis

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up with ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;

TO A HAGGIS

Then auld guidman, 'maist like to ryve,
"Bethankit" hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect scunner,
Look down wi' sneerin', scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a withered rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye powers wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a haggis!

Epistle to Davie

A BROTHER POET

JANUARY, 1785

While winds frae aff Ben Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin' jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folk's gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fireside:
But hanker and canker,
 To see their cursèd pride.

It's hardly in a body's power,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd;

EPISTLE TO DAVIE

How best o' chieles are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't:
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
"Mair speer na, nor fear na",
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile:
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho', like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal'?

EPISTLE TO DAVIE

Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:

On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune;
Synne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin' muckle mair:
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;

EPISTLE TO DAVIE

Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless
Of either heav'n or hell!
Esteeming, and deeming
It a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel':
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest,)

EPISTLE TO DAVIE

This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!

O, all ye powers who rule above!
O Thou, whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear, immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and griet
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r;
Still take her, and make her,
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow;

EPISTLE TO DAVIE

Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has bless'd me with a friend,
In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin', rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin' owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
An' rin an unco fit:
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

Holy Willie's Prayer

O Thou, wha in the heavens does dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best Thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for Thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore Thee!

I bless and praise Thy matchless might,
Whan thousands Thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore Thy sight,
For gifts and grace,
A burnin' and a shinin' light,
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I wha deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws,
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Thro' Adam's cause.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might ha'e plungèd me in hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lakes,
Whare damnèd devils roar and yell,
 Chain'd to their stakes.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To show Thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in Thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an' example
 To a' Thy flock.

O L—d, thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singin' there and dancin' here,
 Wi' great an' sma';
For I am keepit by Thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
And sometimes too, wi' worldly trust,
 Vile self gets in;
But Thou remembers we are dust,
 Defil'd in sin.

Maybe Thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset Thy servant e'en and morn,

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
That he's sae gifted;
If sae, Thy han' maun e'en be borne,
Until Thou lift it.

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race;
But G—d confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring Thy elders to disgrace,
And public shame.

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,
Wi' grit and sma',
Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

And whan we chasten'd him therefor,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the warld in a roar
O' laughin' at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry and prayer
Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, L—d, mak it bare
Upo' their heads,

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

O L—d my G—d, that glib-tongued Aiken,
My very heart and saul are quakin',
To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
And swat wi' dread,
While he wi' hingin' lip and snakin'
Held up his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their prayer;
But for Thy people's sake destroy 'em
An' dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be Thine,
Amen, Amen!

On Captain Grose's
Peregrinations
thro' Scotland

COLLECTING THE
ANTIQUITIES OF
THAT KINGDOM

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnie Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
And vow! he has an unco sleight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin',
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',

CAPTAIN GROSE

It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! col-
leaguin'
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b—es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender;

CAPTAIN GROSE

That which distinguishèd the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, "Shame fa' thee".

To a Mouse

ON TURNING HER
UP IN HER NEST
WITH THE PLOUGH,
NOVEMBER, 1785



Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

TO A MOUSE

A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell;
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:

TO A MOUSE

The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my ee
On prospects drear;
An' forward tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

The Auld
Farmer's New
Year Morning
Salutation to
his Auld Mare
Maggie

ON GIVING HER THE
ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF
CORN TO HANSEL IN
THE NEW YEAR (1786)

A guid New Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonnie grey;
He should been tight that daur't to raize
thee,

Ance in a day.

AULD FARMER'S SALUTATION

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, and swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine an' twenty year
Sin' thou was my guid-father's mere;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonnie bride;
An' sweet, an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could braggèd wide,
For sic a pair.

AULD FARMER'S NEW YEAR

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte an' hobble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
 For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
 Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an'
 skreigh

 An' tak the road!
Town's-bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
 An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow;
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
 For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their
 mettle,

 An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' sauch or hazel.

MORNING SALUTATION

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
In guid March weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an'
fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith an' power,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were
deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it:
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa'.

AULD FARMER'S SALUTATION

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a':
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw:
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa',
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warld fought.
An' monie an anxious day I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought
Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last fou,
A heapit stimpert, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Where ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

John Barleycorn

A BALLAD

There was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him
down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further wo,
And still, as signs of life appeared,
They toss'd him to and fro.

JOHN BARLEYCORN

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his wo;
'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tears were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

Epistle to a Young Friend

MAY —, 1786

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento*;
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life,
They equally may answer:
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neibor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, slee inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it:

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That's justify'd by honour:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude and truth
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman's phrase, "God send you
speed",
Still daily to grow wiser;
And may you better reckon the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

To William Simson,
Schoolmaster,
Ochiltree

MAY —, 1785

I gat your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say 't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
 Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie satire, sidelin's sklented,
 On my poor musie;
Tho' in sic phrasin' terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
 The braes o' Fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

TO WILLIAM SIMSON

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts,
Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh Gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanter's winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

TO WILLIAM SIMSON

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
But Willie set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious died!

TO WILLIAM SIMSON

O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree,
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary grey;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Dark'ning the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
 Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trottin' burn's meander,
 An' no think lang;
O sweet! to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang!

TO WILLIAM SIMSON

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing" brither!
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal:
May Envy wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid, fat braxies;
While terra firma, on her axis,
 Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS.

The Jolly Beggars

A CANTATA

RECITATIVO

When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the bauckie-bird,
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night at e'en, a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies:
 Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae and blankets warm—
She blinket on her sodger:
And aye he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpin' kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an aumous dish;
Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering and swaggering,
He roared this ditty up:—

AIR

Tune—"Soldier's Joy"

I am a son of Mars, who have been in
many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I
come;
This here was for a wench, and that
other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound
of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

My prenticeship I past where my leader
breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the
heights of Abram;

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

I servèd out my trade when the gallant
game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound
of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the float-
ing batt'ries,
And there I left for witness an arm and
a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot
to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of
the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now tho' I must beg with a wooden
arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over
my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle
and my callet,
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow the
drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand
the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes
for a home,

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

When the tother bag I sell, and the
tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of h—ll at the sound
of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO

He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frightened rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore;

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
He skirled out encore!
But up arose the martial chuck,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR

Tune—"Soldier Laddie"

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell
when,
And still my delight is in proper young
men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my
daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

The first of my loves was a swaggering
blade,

To rattle the thundering drum was his
trade;

His leg was so tight, and his cheek was
so ruddy,

Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in
the lurch,

So the sword I forsook for the sake of
the church;

He ventur'd the soul and I risk'd the
body—

'Twas then I proved false to my sodger
laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I
got;

From the gilded spontoon to the fife I
was ready,

I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in
despair,

Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham
fair;

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how
long,

And still I can join in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold
the glass steady,

Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger
laddie!

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themselves they were sae busy:
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face,—
Then turned and laid a smack on Grizzie,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR

Tune—"Auld Sir Symon"

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but a 'prentice I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

My grannie she bought me a beuk,
And I held awa' to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck,
A hizzie's the half o' my craft;
But what could you other expect,
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing;
I ance was abus'd i' the kirk,
For towsing a lass i' my daffin'.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court
A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad,
Maks faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad—
It's rivalry just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry;
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
Gude L—d, he's far dafter than I.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

RECITATIVO

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin',
For monie a pursie she had hooked,
And had in monie a well been douked:
Her love had been a Highland laddie,—
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman:—

AIR

Tune—"O an' ye were dead, gudeman"

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lawland laws he held in scorn,
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.

Chorus

Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman;
Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman;
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg and tartan plaid,
And gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lawland face he fearèd nane,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran.
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

But, och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one!—
They've hang'd my braw John Highland-
man.
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
• The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

Her strappin' limb and gaucy middle
(He reach'd nae higher)
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on hainch, and upward ee,
He croond his gamut, ane, twa, three,
Then in an Arioso key,
The wee Apollo
Set off wi' Allegretto glee
His giga solo:—

AIR

Tune—"Whistle o'er the lave o't"

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your every care and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

Chorus

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle o'er the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
And oh! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll bowse about, till Daddie Care
Sings whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
And sun oursells about the dyke,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms
May whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
As weel as poor gut-scraper;
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier—
He swoor, by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he wad, from that time forth
• Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
And sae the quarrel ended.
But though his little heart did grieve
When round the tinkler prest her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the caird address'd her;

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

AIR

Tune—"Clout the Caudron"

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation.
I've ta'en the gold, an' been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
To go and clout the cauldron.
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
And tak a share wi' those that bear
The budget and the apron.
And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbagie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
And by that stoup, &c.

RECITATIVO

The caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk,
Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
And partly she was drunk.
Sir Violino, with an air
That show'd a man o' spunk,

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

Wish'd unison between the pair,
And made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a dame a shavie,
The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft,
Behint the chicken cavie.
Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
Tho' limp'in' wi' the spavie,
He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
And shor'd them Dainty Davie
O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart, she ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
Nor want, but—when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad:
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR

Tune—"For a' that, and a' that"

I am a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentlefolks, and a' that:
But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

Chorus

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh, for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
But there it streams, and richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that,
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, and a' that;
But for how long the flee may stang
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
But clear your decks, and "Here's the
sex!"

I like the jads for a' that.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that;
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till 't, for a' that.

RECITATIVO

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause,
Re-echo'd from each mouth;
They toom'd their pocks, and pawn'd their
duds,
They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
To quench their lowin' drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did request,
To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best;
He, rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR

Tune—"Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses"

See the smoking bowl before us!
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing:

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

Chorus

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? What is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!
A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!

Here's to all the wandering train!

Here's our ragged brats and callets!

One and all cry out, Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!

Liberty's a glorious feast!

Courts for cowards were erected,

Churches built to please the priest

The Holy Fair

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

—*Hypocrisy a-la-mode.*

Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walkèd forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin';
The hares were hirplin' down the furs.
The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin' up the way;

THE HOLY FAIR

Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes;
Their visage, wither'd, lang, an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes:
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
But yet I canna name ye."
Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
An' taks me by the hauns,
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
Of a' the ten commauns
A screed some day.

"My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is Superstition here,
An' that's Hypocrisy.

THE HOLY FAIR

I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
To spend an hour in daffin':
Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin'
At them this day."

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't:
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin'!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin' graith,
Gaed hoddin' by their cotters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-
claith,
Are springin' owre the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
An' farls, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.

THE HOLY FAIR

Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they're gath'rin',
Some carrying dails, some chairs an'
 stools,
An' some are busy bleth'rin'
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the showers.
An' screen our countra gentry,
There, racer Jess an' twa-three wh-res,
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jauds,
Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck,
An' there a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguardin' frae Kilmarnock,
 For fun this day.

Here, some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up grace-proud faces:
On that, a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin' on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

O happy is that man, an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Whase ane dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him!

THE HOLY FAIR

Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom,
Unkenn'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation;
For Moodie speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' Moodie's face,
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith,
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin'!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' an' he's jumpin'!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day!

But, hark! the tent has chang'd its voice;
There's peace an' rest nae langer;
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger.

THE HOLY FAIR

Smith opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals,
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
Of moral powers and reason?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The moral man he docs define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For Peebles, frae the Water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' God,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While Common-sense has ta'en the road
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,
Fast, fast, that day.

Wee Miller, niest, the guard relieves,
An' orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:

THE HOLY FAIR

But, faith! the birkie wants a manse,
So, cannily he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit an' sense
Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
At times that day.

Now butt an' ben, the change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup commentators;
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint stowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang.
Wi' logic an' wi' scripture,
They raise a din, that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink! it gies us mair
Than either school or college:
It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
It pangs us fu' o' knowledge.
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.

THE HOLY FAIR

On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're making observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin' assignations
To meet some day.

But now the L—d's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin',
An' echoes back return the shouts:
Black Russell is na sparín':
His piercing words, like Highlan' swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' hell, where devils dwell,
Our vera sauls does harrow
Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fu' o' lowin' brunstane,
Whase ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snorin'
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
How monie stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill
When they were a' dismissit;

THE HOLY FAIR

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches;
An' cheese an' bread frae women's laps
Was dealt about in lunches
An' dawds that day.

In comes a gauchie, gash guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld guidmen, about the grace,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gies them 't, like a tether,
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing!
O wives be mindfu', ance yoursel',
How bonnie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow an' croon;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.

THE HOLY FAIR

At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts,
O' sinners and o' lasses!
Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane,
As saft as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine:
There's some are fu' o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in houghmagandie
Some ither day.

Death and Dr. Hornbook

A TRUE STORY

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd,
Ev'n ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail 't wi' scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
'S a muckle pity.

The clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenned
aye

Frae ghaists an' witches.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK

The rising moon began to glower
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
 I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
 I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin' down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker:
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
 Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For feint a wame it had ava!
 And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
 As cheeks o' branks.

DEATH AND DR. HORNEBOCK

"Guid e'en," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye
been mawin',

When ither folk are busy sawin'?"

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',

But naething spak:

At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye
gaun,

Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe—"My name is Death,

But be na fley'd."—Quoth I, "Guid faith,

Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;

But tent me billie;

I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,

See, there's a gully!"

"Gudeman," quo' he, "put up your
whittle,

I'm no design'd to try its mettle;

But if I did, I wad be kittle

To be mislear'd;

I wad na mind it, no that spittle

Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;

Come, gie's your hand, an' sae we're gree't;

We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,

Come, gie's your news!

This while ye hae been mony a gate,

At mony a house."

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scaur me;
Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
An' faith, he'll waur me.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,
An' ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin',
And pouk my hips.

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a —,
D—n'd haet they'll kill!

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK

"'T was but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care!
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

"And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK

" Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees:
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina of beans and pease,
 He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

" Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill'd *per se*;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
 And mony mae."

" Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,"
Quoth I, " if that thae news be true!
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 Sae white an' bonnie,
Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the pleugh;
 They 'll ruin Johnie!"

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, " Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
 Tak ye nae fear:
They 'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh
 In twa-three year.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK

“Whare I kill’d ane, a fair strae-death,
By loss o’ blood, or want o’ breath,
This night I’m free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook’s skill
Has clad a score i’ their last claith,
By drap and pill.

“An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce weel-
bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne’er spak mair.

“A countra laird had ta’en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An’ pays him well.
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was Laird himsel’.

“That’s just a swatch o’ Hornbook’s way,
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an’ slay,
An’s weel pay’d for’t;
Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey,
Wi’ his damn’d dirt!

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK

“But hark! I’ll tell you of a plot,
Tho’ dinna ye be speaking o’t;
I’ll nail the self-conceited sot,
 As dead’s a herrin’:
Niest time we meet, I’ll wad a groat,
 He gets his fairin’!”

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee, short hour ayont the twal,
 Which rais’d us baith:
I took the way that pleas’d mysel’,
 And sae did Death.

Address to the
Unco Guid, or
the Rigidly
Righteous

My Son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin'.

—*Solomon, Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.*

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebour's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heap'd happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
For glaiket Folly's portals;

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID

I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propose defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
D-mnation of expenses!

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

A Bard's Epitaph

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment, clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

A BARD'S EPITAPH

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
 Is wisdom's root.

NOTES

RANTIN', ROVIN' ROBIN

Page

1. *Kyle*, the middle district of Ayrshire.
a blast o' Jan'war' win', 25th Jan., 1759. The
 "monarch" at that time was of course George II.

HERE 'S A HEALTH

66. *the buff and the blue*, the colours of the Whigs.
Here's a health to Charlie, Charles James Fox.
67. *Here's a health to Tammie*, Lord Thomas Erskine,
 the celebrated Whig advocate.
Here's Maitland and Wycombe, two prominent Whigs.
Here's chieftain M'Leod, Macleod of Dunvegan, Isle
 of Skye, a thorough-going Whig.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

85. *Dundee, Martyrs, Elgin*, the names of psalm-tunes
 popular in Scotland in Burns's day.

HALLOWE'EN

91. *Hallowe'en*, or Halloweven, is the eve or vigil of All-
 Saints' Day (also called All-Hallows or Hallowmas),
 1st November.—Hallowe'en is thought to be a night
 when witches, devils, and other mischief-making
 beings are all abroad on their baneful, midnight er-
 rands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are
 said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.—R. B.
Cassilis Downans, certain little, romantic, rocky,
 green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat
 (B 682)

NOTES

Page

of the earls of Cassilis.—R. B. Cassilis House or Castle stands on the left bank of the Doon, about four miles north-east of Maybole.

91. *up the cove*, a noted cavern near Colean House, called 'The Cove of Colean, which, as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.—R. B.

Where Bruce ance rul'd. The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.—R. B.

92. *Their stocks mairn a' be sought ance.* The first ceremony of Hallowe'en is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with; its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yint*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.—R. B.

93. *To pou their stalks o' corn.* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.—R. B.

When kintlin' in the Fause-house. When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *fause-house*.—R. B.

The auld Gnidwife's wheel-hoordet nits. Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.—R. B.

94. *And in the blue-clue throw's then.* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, dark-

NOTES

Page

ling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue of the old one; and towards the latter end something will hold the thread; demand *wha hands?* i.e. who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.—R. B.

95. *I'll eat the apple at the glass.* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion *to be* will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.—R. B.

96. *the Sherra-moor*, battle of Sheriffmuir, November, 1715.

He gat hemp-seed. Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then: "Hemp-seed, I saw thee! hemp-seed, I saw thee! and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say "Come me and shaw thee", that is, show thyself, in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say: "Come after me, and harrow thee".—R. B.

98. *To winn three wechts o' naething.* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible, for there is danger that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors and do you mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call *wecht*, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door and out at the other, having both the figure in question and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.—R. B. The *wecht* is a round, shallow, wooden vessel, used for lifting quantities of grain.

But first on Sawnie gies a ca'. She first calls out to the herd-boy to give her a little courage from assurance of his proximity.

It chan'd the Stack he faddon't thrice. Take an opportunity of going (unnoticed) to a *bere* stack, and

NOTES

Page

fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.—R. B.

99. *Whare three lairds' lan's met at a burn.* You go out, one or more—for this is a social spell,—to a south running spring or rivulet, where “three lairds' lands meet”, and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and sometime near midnight an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side of it.—R. B.

100. *The luggies three are ranged.* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand; if by chance, in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.—R. B.

Sin' Mar's-year, 1715, the year in which the Earl of Mar raised an insurrection.

Till butter'd so'ns. Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Hallowe'en supper.—R. B.
Sowens, flummery, made of the dust of oatmeal remaining among the seeds (husks), steeped and soured.

THE TWA DOGS

101. *That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,* Kyle, the central district of Ayrshire, popularly supposed to have derived its name from Coilus, said in legend to have been a king of the Picts.
102. *After some dog in Highland sang,* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.
104. *right and tight in thack an' rape,* in a comfortable home, the thatch properly secured with straw-rope.
105. *twalpennie worth o' nappy,* twalpennies Scots is equal to one penny sterling.

NOTES

THE VISION

Page

111. *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem.

115. *To see a race*, the Wallaces.—R. B.

His Country's Saviour, Sir William Wallace.—R. B.

Bold Richardton's heroic swell, Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.—R. B.

The chief on Sark, Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.—R. B.

a scepter'd Pictish shade. Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shown.—R. B.

a martial race, the Montgomeries of Coilsfield.

116. *An aged judge*, Thomas Miller, lord justice clerk.

The learned sire and son, Dr. Matthew Stewart, the mathematician and professor in Edinburgh University, and his son Dugald Stewart, the metaphysician and professor in the same university.

Brydone's brave ward, Colonel Fullarton.—R. B.

SCOTCH DRINK

125. *Whether thro' winmlin' worms thou jink*. Whisky has to come through the spirally-coiled worm of the still.

126. *In souple scones*, cakes made of barley-meal which are baked so thin as to be quite flexible.

Wi' kail an' beef. In Scotland hulled barley is uniformly used along with kail in making broth or soup.

But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood, that is, when brewed or distilled.

127. *When gaping they besiege the tents*, movable pulpits at celebrations of the communion.

NOTES

Page

127. *An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in*, a small quantity of whisky burnt in a spoon, and mixed with the ale.

Then Burnewin comes, burn-the-wind = the blacksmith.

130. *Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!* Forbes of Culloden had the privilege of distilling whisky, free of duty, on his barony of Ferintosh in Cromarty, for public services done by the family. So much whisky was there distilled that Ferintosh became a name almost synonymous with whisky. The privilege was abolished in 1785.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY

146. *great MacKinlay*, a certain preacher, a great favourite with the million.—R. B.

Robinson, another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing.—R. B.

TO A HAGGIS

150. *A haggis* is a pudding composed of the minced heart, liver, &c., of a sheep, mixed with oatmeal and suet, seasoned with salt, pepper, &c., and boiled in the carefully-cleaned stomach of the animal. Formerly it was one of the principal luxuries of the Scottish farmer and labouring man.

Your pin wad help, a wooden skewer, by means of which the opening in the bag is closed.

Then horn for horn. The spoons formerly used at the tables of farmers and farm-labourers, and others in a similar station in life, were made of horn.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE

169. *Kyle Stewart*, the district in Ayrshire between the Ayr and the Doon.
170. *But sax Scotch miles*, nearly seven English miles.
171. *Thou was a noble fittie-lan'*. In Burns's time the plough was drawn usually by four horses (not, as now,

NOTES

Page

by two); and the "fittie-lan'" (foot-on-land, that is, on the soil not yet turned up), or "lan'-ahin" (that is, land-behind), was the near or left-hand horse of the hinder pair.

TO WILLIAM SIMSON

180. *Wi' Allan*, Allan Ramsay.

Gilbertfield, William Hamilton of Gilbertfield (1665-1751), author of "Willie was a Wanton Wag" and other Scotch poems.

181. *Coila*, Kyle, the central district of Ayrshire.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

187. *and the Moro low was laid*, El Moro, a strong castle that defended the entrance of the harbour of St. Iago, an island near the southern shore of Cuba. Stormed and taken by the British in 1762.

among the floating batt'ries. The destruction of the Spanish floating batteries during the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782, is here referred to. The services rendered by Captain Curtis on this occasion were of the highest value.

with Elliot to head me. George Augustus Elliott (Lord Heathfield) defended Gibraltar during the famous siege, 1779-1783.

191. *I ance was tied up like a stirk*. Refers to the punishment of the *jougs*, which was an iron collar locked round the neck of an offender, so as to keep him standing in some exposed position.

192. *But weary fu' the waefid' woodie!* Many Highlanders were hanged for stealing cattle or otherwise plundering the hated Lowlander.

196. *that dear Kilbagie*, a peculiar sort of whisky, so called from Kilbagie distillery in Clackmannanshire.

THE HOLY FAIR

204. *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.—R. B.

205. *Here stands a shed to fend the showers*. The whole of the proceedings described take place out-of-doors; hence the need for the shed, and for the boards,

NOTES

Page

chairs, and stools to sit on. The "plate" for the alms of the congregation would probably stand at the entrance of the churchyard, with Black Bonnet (a familiar title for one holding the office of elder) in charge.

206. *Moodie*, minister of Riccarton.

the tent, a square pulpit of wood, erected in the fields.

207. *Peebles*, minister of Newton-upon-Ayr.

Miller, the Rev. Mr. Miller, afterwards minister of Kilmaurs.

209. *Black Russell*, the Rev. John Russell of Kilmarnock, afterwards of Stirling.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK

* 215. *He's grawn sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan*, Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*.

217. *Johnny Ged*, the grave-digger.

GLOSSARY

A

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof.
Abeygk, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above, up.
Abraced, abroad.
Ac, one.
Aff, off.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Agley, off the right line.
 wrong.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Ailks, oaks.
Ain, own.
Airt-penny, earnest-money.
Airn, iron.
Airt, direction.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aizle, a hot cinder, a red ember.
Ajce, ajar.
Alane, alone.
Amast, almost.
Amang, among.
An', and, if.
Ance, once.
Ance in a day, once on a time.
Ane, one, an.
Another, another.
An's, and am.
Artfu', artful.
Ase, ashes.
Asteer, abroad, stirring.

Auld, old.
Aumous, alms.
Awa, at all.
Awa', away.
Ayont, beyond.

B

Backlins, backwards.
Backlins - comin', coming - back, returning.
Back-yett, back-gate.
Baid, bade.
Baggie, belly.
Bainie, bony.
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.
Bakes, biscuits.
Bareftit, barefooted.
Batts, betts.
Bauckie-bird, bat.
Bank, a cross-beam; *banken*, the end of a beam.
Barn'snt, having a white stripe down the face.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Beld, bald.
Belyre, by and by.
Ben, into the *spence* or parlour; *but an' ben*, the country kitchen and parlour.
Bennmost, innermost.
Bere, barley.
Be't, be it.
Bethankit, the grace after meat.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish.

GLOSSARY

Bickering, hurrying.
Biel, or *bielid*, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build; *biggit*, builded.
Biggin, building, a house.
Birk, birch.
Birkie, a fellow.
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c., when they spring.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blaw, to blow, to recover breath.
Bleezin', blazing.
Blellum, noisy fellow.
Blether, bladder.
Blether, to talk idly, nonsense.
Blethrin, talking idly.
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits, a glance.
Blype, a shred of cloth, a large piece.
Bodle, a small, old coin.
Bogles, goblins.
Bonie, or *bony*, handsome, beautiful.
Boord-en', end of the table.
Bore, a crevice.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bow't, bended, crooked.
Brachens, ferns.
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Braggit, challenged.
Braid, broad.
Braindg't, reeled forward.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Bravly, or *brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily.
Breastit, sprang up or forward.
Bree, juice.
Brecks, breeches.

Brent, smooth.
Brig, a bridge.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Broose, a race at country weddings—who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
Brulzie, a broil.
Budget, a bag of tools.
Bughtin'-time, folding-time.
Burdly, stout-made, broad-built.
Bum, to hum.
Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evening.
Burdies, lassies.
Bure, bore.
Burn, water, a rivulet.
Burnie, diminutive of burn.
But, without.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
Eyke, nest, multitude.

C

Ca', to call, to name, to drive.
Cadger, hawker.
Cadie, or *cadale*, a person, a young fellow.
Caird, a tinker.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh, sound.
Cam, came.
Canna, cannot.
Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous.
Cannilie, dexterously, gently.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantraip, trick.
Carlin, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards.

GLOSSARY

- Cast out*, quarrel.
Ca't, or *ca'd*, called, driven.
Cauk, chalk.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel with two lugs or handles.
Cavie, a coop.
Change-house, an inn.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
Chapman, a pedlar.
Chaup, to blow.
Chiel, a young fellow.
Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-grate.
Chimla-lug, the fireside.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chow, to chew.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claes, clothes.
Clauth, cloth.
Clap, a clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clatter, chatter, an idle story, to tell idle stories.
Clautht, clutched.
Claver, clover.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleck, a hook.
Cleckit, linked arms.
Clinkin, plumping.
Clinkumbell, one who rings the church bell.
Clout, a patch.
Clunk, to gurgle.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cock, to mark.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, diminutive of cog.
Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire, so called from Coil or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country dogs.
Comin', coming.
- Comman*, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a blockhead, a nimny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
Coost, cast.
Cootie, feathery-legged.
Core, a corps, a party, a clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house or cottage.
Countra, country.
Cour, to lower.
Court-day, rent-day.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cowe, to quell, a fright.
Corup, to tumble over.
Cozie, snug; *coziely*, snugly.
Crack, conversation, to converse; *crackin*, conversing.
Craigie, the throat.
Cranreuch, the hoar frost.
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
Creeshie, greasy.
Croon, a hollow continued moan, to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
Crouselly, cheerfully, courageously.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.
Crumph, hard and brittle, *spoken of bread*.
Crint, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuif, a blockhead.
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
Curchie, a courtesy.
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.

GLOSSARY

Curpin, or *curpan*, the crupper.
Custoc, inner stem.
Cuttie, short.

D

Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
Daimen, rare, now and then;
daimen icker, an ear of corn now and then.
Darg, or *daurk*, a day's labour.
Daur, dare.
Daurk, a day's work.
Daut, to caress, to fondle.
Daw, to dawn, the dawn.
Dawd, or *dawd*, a large piece, the noise of one falling flat.
Dearthfu', dear.
Deleerit, delirious.
Describing, describing.
Devel, a stunning blow.
Dight, to wipe.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain, to vibrate.
Dizzen, or *die'n*, a dozen.
Doited, stupefied.
Donsie, restive, unlucky.
Dool, sorrow.
Doolfu', sorrowful.
Douce, or *doust*, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Douked, ducked.
Doure, stout, durable, stubborn, sullen.
Dow, am or are able to, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief or fatigue, crazy and dull.
Doylt, stupefied, crazed.
Doytin, walking stupidly.
Draigl't, draggled.
Drap, a drop, to drop.
Drave, drove.

Dreigh, lingering.
Driddle, to play wretchedly.
Drift, a drove.
Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drunlie, muddy.
Druut, pet, sour humour.
Duddie, ragged.
Duds, rags of clothes.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.
Dyke, solid fence.

E

E'e, the eye; *een*, the eyes.
Eerie, frightened, *dreadin' spirits*.
Elviritch, ghastly, frightful, horrid.
Ettle, intent, design.
Ev'ndown, downright.
Eydent, diligent, constant, busy.

F

Fa', fall, lot, to fall, befall.
Faddon't, fathomed.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Fain, fond.
Fairin, deserts.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake.
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
Fash't, troubled.
Faut, a fault.
Fawson't, decent, seemly, orderly.
Fear't, frightened.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight; *fechtin*, fighting.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Feg, a fig.
Feid, a feud, enmity.
Fend, to keep off, to provide for.

GLOSSARY

Fidge, to fidget.
Fiel, well.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fiere, a companion.
Fit, a foot.
Fittie-lan', the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Flannen, flannel.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Fley'd, frightened, scared.
Flichter, to flutter.
Flie, fly.
Flingin-tree, a flail.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flit, to shift.
Fodgel, squat and plump.
Foggage, herbage.
Forbears, forefathers, ancestors.
Forbye, besides.
Forgather, to meet, to encounter.
Fou, full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, abundance.
Frae, from, away from.
Freath, froth.
Fu', full.
Fud, rump, scut.
Fuff't, puffed.
Fur, a furrow.
Furn, a form, a bench.
Fyke, trifling cares, to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

G

Gab, the mouth, to speak boldly or pertly.
Gae, gave.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen*, or *gane*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gaet, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
Gangrel, vagrant.
Gar, to make, to force to.

Gar't, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gashin, conversing.
Gat, got.
Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gaum, going.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Ged, a pike.
Geordie, a guinea.
Ghaist, ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gi'en*, given.
Gif, if.
Giftie, diminutive of gift.
Gilpey, a young girl.
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old.
Gin, if, by.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth like glass.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Glint, to peep; *glinted*, peeped; *glintin*, peeping.
Glowr, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.
Glowr'd, looked, stared.
Glowrin, staring.
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawk-weed, &c.
Gowd, gold.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graip, or *grape*, to grope.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress.
Grane, a groan, to groan.
Grabit, groped.
Gree, to agree; *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor.
Greet, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Grit, great.
Grumphy, a sow.

GLOSSARY

Gruntle, the face, a grunting noise.

Guiv, God, good.

Guid, good; *guid-mornin*, good-morning; *guid-een*, good-evening.

Guidfather, a father-in-law.

Guidman and *Guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house; *Young Guidman*, a man newly married.

Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife.

Gusty, toothsome.

H

Ha', hall.

Ha'e, to have; *haen*, had.

Haet, *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation, nothing.

Haffets, side-locks.

Hafflins, nearly half, partly.

Ha' folk, kitchen people.

Hag, a scar or gulf in mosses and moors.

Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.

Hain, to spare, to save; *hain'd*, spared.

Hainch, a haunch.

Hairst, harvest.

Hal', or *hald*, holding.

Hale, whole.

Halesome, wholesome.

Hallan, a partition wall in a cottage.

Haly, holy.

Harn, coarse linen.

Haurt, to drag, to peel.

Haxerel, a half-witted person, half-witted.

Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.

Hawkie, a cow, *properly one with a white face*.

Hech! oh! strange!

Hecht, to foretell or forebode something that is to be got or given, foretold, the thing foretold.

Herd, one who tends flocks, a herd-boy.

Het, hot.

Hie, high.

Hitch, to hobble, to halt.

Hing, to hang.

Hinny, honey.

Hirple, to limp.

Hirsel, as many cattle as one person can attend.

Histie, dry, chapped, barren.

Hizzie, a hussy, a young girl.

Hoddin, the motion of a sage country man riding on a cart-horse.

Hoddin grey, coarse woollen cloth.

Heg-shouther, a kind of horse play by justling with the shoulder, to justle.

Hool, outer skin or case.

Hoordet, hoarded.

Hornie, one of the many names of the devil.

Hotched, hitched.

Houlet, an owl.

Houp, hope.

Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.

Howe-backit, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse*, &c.

Howk, to dig; *howkit*, digged; *howkin*, digging.

Hoyte, to amble crazily, a motion between a trot and a gallop.

Hughoc, diminutive of Hugh.

Hunkers, hams.

Hurdies, the loius, the crupper.

I

I', in.

Icker, an ear of corn.

Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.

Ingle, fire, fireplace.

I'se, I shall or will.

Ither, other, one another.

GLOSSARY

J

- Jad*, a jade, also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk, to dally at work, to trifle.
Jaup, a splash, to splash.
Jimp, to jump, slight in the waist, handsome.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jo, dear.
Jociteleg, a pocket-knife.
Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to jostle.

K

- Kail*, coleworts, a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort.
Kain, or *kane*, fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebars, rafters.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Keepit, kept.
Ken, to know; *kend*, or *ken't*, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
King's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kirn, harvest-time, the harvest supper, a churn, to churn.
Kitchen, to give relish to.
Kittle, to tickle.
Kittlin, a young cat.
Kintle, to cuddle, to caress, to fondle.
Kintlin, cuddling.
Knowe, a small, round hillock.
Kye, cows.

- Kyte*, the belly.
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self.

L

- Lade*, load.
Lair, or *lear*, learning.
Laird, land-owner.
Laith, loth.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Lallan, Lowland; *Lallans*, Scotch dialect.
Land, land, estate.
Lane, alone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c., myself alone, thyself alone, &c.
Lanely, lonely.
Lang, long.
Lap, leaped.
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
Lea'e, to leave.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lea-rig, grey-field.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment.
Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
Lift, sky.
Lightly, sneeringly.
Limmer, a kept-mistress, a strumpet.
Link, to trip along.
Linn, a waterfall.
Lintrwhite, a linnet.
Loan, a lane.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
Lowe, a flame, to flame.
Lowin, flaming.
Loup, to leap.
Lug, the ear.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Luggit, having a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.

GLOSSARY

Lunt, a column of smoke, to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, a mixed colour, grey.

M

Mac, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Mang, among.
Manteele, a mantle.
Maukin, a hare.
Mawn, must.
Maut, malt.
Maw, to mow; *mawin*, mowing.
Meere, a mare.
Meikle, large.
Melder, milling.
Mell, to meddle, associate.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill.
Mim, meek, affectedly prim.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, dark.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misdear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Moil, toil.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Morn, morrow.
Mottie, full of moles.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiewort, a mole.
Muckle, or *meikle*, great, big, much.

N

Na, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.

Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale.
Neebor, a neighbour.
Neuk, a nook.
Nick, cut.
Niest, next.
Nieve, the fist.
Niffer, an exchange.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the North.
Nowt, black cattle.

O

O', of.
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Or, is often used for ere, before.
Orra, superfluous.
O't, of it.
Oursel, or *oursels*, ourselves.
Outler, not housed, lying in the fields at night.
Out-owre, away over.
Owre, over, too.
Owsen, oxen.

P

Pack, intimate, familiar.
Pail'l't, paddled.
Painch, paunch.
Pairtrick, or *paitrick*, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parritch, porridge.
Pat, did put, a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.
Pechan, the stomach.
Penny-fee, wage.
Penny-wheel, small-beer.
Philibeg, a kilt.
Phrasin, flattery.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pit, to put.

GLOSSARY

Plack, an old Scotch coin.
Plackless, penniless.
Plaw, or *plough*, a plough,
 a team.
Pliver, a plover.
Pock, a bag.
Poorith, poverty.
Pou, or *pu'*, to pull.
Pouk, to pluck.
Pow, head.
Pree, or *pric*, to taste.
Preen, a pin.
Pund, a pound, pounds.
Pussie, the hare.
Pyke, pick.

Q

Quat, quitted.
Quey, heifer.

R

Rap, or *rape*, a rope.
Raible, to rattle nonsense, to
 repeat by rote.
Rair, to roar; *rair't*, roared;
rairing, roaring.
Raise, to madden, to enflame.
Ramblin, rambling.
Randie, loose-living.
Rantin, ranting.
Rash, a rush.
Rattlin, rattling.
Ratton, a rat.
Rauble, rash, stout, fearless.
Raught, reached.
Rau, a row.
Rax, to stretch.
Ream, cream.
Reaming, foaming.
Reck, to take heed.
Red, to counsel.
Rede, counsel.
Red-wat-shod, with shoes
 wet and red with blood.
Reek, smoke, to smoke.
Reestit, stood restive.
Rig, a ridge.
Riggin, a roof.
Rigwoodie, withered.

Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*,
 running.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed
 corn, &c.
Riskit, made a noise like the
 tearing of small roots with
 the plough.
Roon, a shred, a remnant.
Roosty, rusty.
Rou, roll, wrap.
Rowth, plenty.
Rowtin, lowing.
Runk'd, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort
 or cabbage.
Ryke, to reach.
Ryve, to burst.

S

'S, is.
Sac, so.
Soft, soft.
Sair, to serve, sore.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sang, a song.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, shirted.
Sauch, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt; *sautet*, salted.
Saut-bucket, salt-box.
Saur, a precipice.
Scone, a kind of bread.
Scrued, to tear, a rent.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along,
 to run smoothly.
Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly.
Scunner, a loathing, to loathe.
See'd, saw.
Sel, self.
Servan', servant.
Shaird, a shred.
Shawie, a trick.
Shaw, wood.
Shengh, a ditch, a trench.
Shiel, a cottage.
Shill, shrill.
Shool, a shovel.

GLOSSARY

- Shoon*, shoes.
Shor'd, offered.
Shoulder, the shoulder.
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver, money.
Silly, fragile.
Sin', since.
Sin, a son.
Skaith, injury.
Skellun, good for nothing.
Skelp, to strike, to slap, to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
Skelpin, slapping, walking smartly.
Skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled, fiery.
Skinking, watery.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skiented, hit in an oblique direction.
Skyte, a stroke.
Slade, slid.
Slac, a sloe.
Slap, a gate, a breach in the fence.
Sleekit, sleek.
Slypet, fell.
Sma, small.
Smeek, smoke.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother; *smoor'd*, smothered.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snakin', sneering.
Snash, abuse.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff; *sneeshin-mill*, a snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, biting.
Snick, the latchet of a door.
Snirtle, to laugh derisively.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery, to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly.
Snoov't, went smoothly.
Son's, sowens (see note).
Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
Soupe, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Spac, to prophesy, to divine.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Spean, to wean.
Speel, to climb.
Speet, to spit.
Spence, the country parlour.
Spier, to ask, to enquire.
Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch.
Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noise.
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scotch reel.
Sprittie, covered with rushes.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, stuck.
Staggie, diminutive of stag.
Stan, to stand; *stund't*, stood.
Stane, a stone.
Stank, a pool, or ditch.
Staf, to stop.
Stark, stout.
Staw, stole, to surfeit.
Steekin, cramming.
Steek, a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, firm, compacted.
Sten't, reared.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest.
Stibble, stubble; *stibble rig*, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead.
Stick and stow, totally, altogether.
Stilt, to limp.

GLOSSARY

Stimpert, the eighth part of a bushel.
Stirk, a bullock.
Stocks, colewort plants.
Stoitered, staggered.
Stounds, feels a pang.
Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
Stown, stolen.
Stownlins, by stealth.
Strae, straw; to die a fair *strae* death, to die in bed.
Straught, straight.
Strunt, spirits.
Studdie, an anvil.
Sturt, trouble, to molest.
Sturtin, frightened.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Suthron, southern, English.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight, strapping young fellow or girl.
Swat, sweated.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, ale.
Sweatin, sweating.
Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead-sweer*, extremely averse.
Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
Syne, since, ago, then.

T

Tackets, hob-nails.
Tak, to take; *takin*, taking.
Tap, the top.
Tapsalterie, topsy-turvy.
Tauld, or *tald*, told.
Tawie, that allows itself

peaceably to be handled, spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Tawted, matted together, spoken of hair or wool.
Teat, a small quantity.
Tent, to guard.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Thack, thatch; *thack an' rape*, clothing, necessities.
Thae, those.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
Theekit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thir, these.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thrang, busy.
Thrangs, crowds.
Thraw, to sprain.
Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted.
Thrawe, twenty-four sheaves, or two stooks.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thrissle, a thistle.
Throuther, through each other, pell-mell, confusedly.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber; *timmer-propt*, propped with timber.
Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, twopence.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin, whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty.

GLOSSARY

Toop, a ram.
Tow, a rope.
Towie, rough, shaggy.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Towsin', rumpling.
Toyte, to totter.
Tozie, tipsy.
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trow, to believe.
Tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough traces were frequently made.
Tulsic, a quarrel.
Twa, two.
'Twa'd, it would.
Twal, twelve; *twalpennicworth*, a small quantity, a pennyworth.
Twa-three, a few.
Twin, to bereave.
Tyke, a dog.

U

Unco, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Upo', upon.
Usquebae, whisky.

V

Vera, very.

W

Wa', wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would, to bet.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe.
Waesucks! or *waes me!* alas!
 O, the pity!
Wafst, to trip.
Waght, draught.
Wair, to lay out, to expend.
Wal'd, chosen.

Walc, choice, to choose.
Walie, waly, or *waulie*, goodly, comely, ample, large.
Wame, the belly.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Wark, work.
Warl, or *warld*, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warty, worldly, eager to amass wealth.
Warst, worst.
Wars'd, or *wears'd*, wrestled.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know.
Water-fit, river mouth.
Wattle, a switch.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Wauken, to awake.
Waukens, wakens.
Waukit, work-hardened.
Waur, worse, to worst.
Waur't, worsted.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Weason, weasand.
Wecht, measure.
Wee, little; *wee-things*, little-ones; *wee-bit*, a small matter.
Weel, well; *weelfare*, wellfare.
Weet, rain, wetness.
We'se, we shall.
Westlin', western.
Wha, who; *wham*, whom; *whase*, whose.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a slice.
Whare, where; *whare'er*, wherever.
Whatever, what.
Whid, a lie, bound.
Whisht! silence! to hold one's *whisht*, to be silent.
Whittle, a knife.
Whin-stane, a whin-stone.
Whup, a whip, to whip.

GLOSSARY

<i>Whyles</i> , or <i>whiles</i> , some- times.	<i>Wons</i> , dwells.
<i>Wi'</i> , with.	<i>Woodie</i> , halter.
<i>Wiel</i> , an eddy.	<i>Woer-bab</i> , the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops and ends.
<i>Wimble</i> , to meander.	<i>Wordy</i> , worthy.
<i>Win'</i> , wind; <i>win's</i> , winds.	<i>Worset</i> , worsted.
<i>Win</i> , to wind, to winnow.	<i>Wud</i> , mad, distracted.
<i>Winna</i> , will not.	
<i>Winnoch</i> , a window.	
<i>Win't</i> , wound, as a bottom of yarn.	Y
<i>Wintle</i> , a staggering motion, to stagger, to reel.	<i>Faird</i> , a garden.
<i>Winse</i> , an oath.	<i>Yestreen</i> , yesterday-night.
<i>Wonner</i> , a wonder, a con- temptuous appellation.	<i>Yill</i> , ale.
	<i>Yird</i> , earth.

